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SANTA CLAUS' DAUGHTER.

A MUSICAL CHRISTMAS BURLESQUE

IN TWO ACTS,

—BY—

EVERETT ELLIOTT AND F. W. HARDCASTLE.

—o—

—TO WHICH IS ADDED—

DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS

—o—

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

SANTA CLAUS.....

GUSSIE DESMYTHE.....*Secretary to Santa Claus.*

DENNIS O'ROURKE.....

FOOTMAN.....

COACHMAN.....

MRS. SANTA CLAUS.....*Santa Claus' wife.*

KITTY CLAUS.....*Santa Claus' only daughter.*

QUEEN OF SNOW-FAIRIES.....

FOUR SNOW-FAIRIES.....

THE FOUR HOLIDAYS.....

Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Years.

ERIN.....*Goddess of Ireland.*

COSTUMES.

SANTA CLAUS.—Complete suit of furs; peaked cap, great-coat, top-boots.

GUSSIE DESMYTHE.—First dress, smoking jacket, light pantaloons, slippers. Second dress, dark morning suit.

DENNIS O'ROURKE.—First dress, battered plug hat, red wig, linen duster, gaiters, worn-out shoes. Second dress, full-dress suit, ancient cut, striped shirt, exaggerated jewelry.

FOOTMAN AND COACHMAN.—Eccentric and exaggerated livery.

MRS. SANTA CLAUS.—Modern dress.

KITTY CLAUS.—Modern dress.

QUEEN OF SNOW-FAIRIES.—White dress, spangles, crown and wand.

SNOW-FAIRIES.—Same as Queen, except that they wear no crowns.

FOUR HOLIDAYS.—Costumes and colors suggesting days represented.

ERIN.—White and green dress, trimmed in gold, wreath.

PROPERTIES.

Large book and quill pen for Gussie; carpet bag and cane for O'Rourke; sleigh bells. Also quizzing glass for Gussie.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Scene, North Pole Snow Castle. Santa Claus' home. Song of the Snow-fairies. Gussie and the Fairies. Santa Claus preparing for his "night out." The "Directory." "The Dude." Kitty wants to move to the land of mortals, where men are plenty. Santa Claus' advice. Song by Santa Claus and family, "A Model Man." Gussie, "That's elevah, deucedly elevah doncher no?" Gussie's attempt to sing. Chestnut bell. Santa Claus' promise to bring Kitty a man. Astonishment at Kitty's rash request. Caught out on a foul. "I'll bring her a boodler, a Farmer's Alliance man," anything to disgust her with the whole race. Song—Sleighing song. Departure of Santa Claus for the land of mortals, in his sleigh and fleet-footed reindeers.

ACT. II.—Return of Santa Claus, with an Irish Paddy. Santa Claus and Gussie witness unseen, the meeting of Kitty and "her man." "Do yez chew gum, and play on the type-writer." Song by Kitty, "The Pleasure of Catching a Man." The proposal. "The could weather will make yez a widdy before yez married, so it will." Santa Claus' despair at Kitty's acceptance of O'Rourke. Gussie has an idea. O'Rourke declared King of the North Pole. Coronation song. March by Fairies and Holidays. "The last ton of coal which broke the camels back." O'Rourke ascends the throne. Cigarette or two. Kitty resolves to reform O'Rourke. Tableau. Erin appears. Her appeal in behalf of the Irish girls, beats the world and Kitty isn't in it. Kitty undecided whether to go with O'Rourke or remain, Tableau. Curtain.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E., 2d E.,] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

*** The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

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Santa Claus' Daughter.

ACT I.

SCENE.—A large hall in SANTA CLAUS' *Snow-palace. Throne-chair* R. U. E.*; table and chair* L.*; bell cord* L.*; as curtain rises* GUSSIE *is discovered at table* L.*, writing in a large book.*

Enter, SNOW-FAIRIES, C., *and come down to front.*

SONG OF SNOW-FAIRIES.

To the tune of "My Boyhood's Happy Home Down on the Farm."

We are fairies of the snow,
And every where we go
We make the hearts of children glad and gay;
From their window seats so warm,
They look out upon the storm
And dream of future childish sports and play.

Chorus. We fulfill a mission too,
As every one should do;
Who have a mission worthy of the name,
From our home in Northern clime,
Come we forth at Christmas time
A quiet share in Christmas joys to claim.

On earth's cold and frozen face
Each white snow-flake takes its place,
All unite a cosy mantle thus to form,
Universal mother keep,
Covered during winter's sleep
'Till spring-time's sun shines forth again so warm.

At close of song GUSSIE *comes down to front, makes an extravagant bow to the* FAIRIES.

Gus. Well now, that's elevah, deucedly elevah doncherno, but ladies, you distract my mind from the duties incident to my exalted office. I must really ask you to depaht. I must indeed.

Fai. (FAIRIES *stamp their feet indignantly and speak in chorus*) Listen to that! The horrid man! Distract his mind indeed, bah! (*to* GUSSIE) You never had a mind.

Gus. Beg pardon ladies, but it is twue, evewy word twue. This is Chwistmas Eve and in one hour fwom this time I must have the "World's Directory of Deserving Didlets" weady for Santa Claus' before he starts out upon his annual journey.

Fai. (*in chorus*) Is that true? Why did you not say so before?

Queen. (FAIRIES *go to entrances* R. *and* L., QUEEN *goes to* C. *All turn and look at* GUSSIE *as* QUEEN *says*) Gussie, we go, but we return; and when we do return we will sing—Comrades!!

(*exeunt*, FAIRIES

Gus. Well, I flatter myself, that was nicely done. Other fellows may have some trouble in managing the ladies, but it is no trouble at all, when you know how. Gussie old boy, you are clevah, deucedly clevah.

Enter, SANTA CLAUS, C.

Santa. Well my good fellow, are all things prepared? Is the Directory ready for my journey to-night?

Gus. (*making profound bow*) Yes, your majesty, it will be ready in fifteen minutes. (*sits at table*, L., *and writes*

Santa. By-the-way, Gus—

Gus. (*interrupting*) Gussie, sir, Gussie.

Santa. Well, Gussie, how are the children panning out this year? Are there as many as usual?

Gus. More, your majesty, many more.

Santa. More? Well, well! And the Smiths, I suppose there are a few Smiths left?

Gus. Ah! your majesty, their name is Legion!

Santa. Legion! Eh? Um, ah! yes, Legion. Well, it may rest us a little to have them change their name. What is it Shakespeare has to say on the subject of changing names? Smith—Smith—by any other name would—um—no! no! that is not exactly what I want. (*walks up and down stage, hands behind his back, meditatively*

Gus. Oh! I say, your majesty, have you heard of the accident?

Santa. Accident? Whose accident?

Gus. The Jones', sir.

Santa. The Jones'? And what is the matter with the Jones'?

Gus. (*sorrowfully*) Dead!

Santa. What, dead? All dead?

Gus. Oh no! your majesty, not all of them, but Johnny and his sister Sue—

Santa. (*starting towards* GUSSIE *angrily*) Villain, I fain would smite thee! (*stops suddenly and draws hand across forehead*) No! no! what would I do? Destroy the last lingering specimen of an almost extinct race? I will spare thee, dude. Proceed with thy labors. (SANTA *walks up and down stage thoughtfully, while* GUSSIE *makes a great show of writing in his book.* SANTA *stops to watch him as he writes all the way across one page and as far to one side as he can reach*) What are you doing there?

Gus. Your majesty, I am writing the name of the child of a Russian exile, but I fear you will have to carry a few K's and Z's loose in your pocket, for of a verity the book will not contain them all. (*gong heard striking off* L., SANTA *listens*, GUSSIE *starts*) Great smoke I am discovered! There goes that chestnut bell!

Santa. It is the ninth hour; I must hasten. (*to* GUSSIE) Summon my household that I may bid them good-by. (GUSSIE *pulls bell-robe*, L., *great noise of tin pans, cans, cat calls, etc., heard*) There, there, that will do. We do not want to perform the miracle of raising the dead.

FAIRIES *rush in* R., HOLIDAYS L., MRS. CLAUS C., *followed by* KITTY

Mrs. C. Wh-wh-where's the fire!

Omnes. Yes, where's the fire.

Santa. The fire? There is no fire my dears.

Mrs. C. (*seizing* SANTA'S *sleeve and trying to lead him off* L.) Then let us get out of this house at once, hubby, there is going to be an earth-quake! Didn't you hear that noise?

Gus. Oh! pshaw, that was only a fall in the temperature.

Omnes. Is that so? Oh! I am so glad.

Santa. Yes, but I don't want you to be glad. It is very disrespectful in you, to say the least, to be glad at a time like this.

Mrs. C. Why my dear hubby, what is the matter with the time?

Santa. The matter is, my dear, that I am going to leave you presently.

Omnes. Going to leave us?

Kitty. Going to leave us? Why papa, you will be too early for the World's Fair.

Santa. I am not going to the World's Fair, daughter. Have you forgotten that this is Christmas Eve, my regular night out?

Mrs. C. Why, so it is; I had forgotten. To-night you go forth to distribute gum-drops, drums and dollies to the children of all Christendom. It is very kind of you my dear, I am sure, and I am sorry that you are compelled to tear yourself away, but you will return to-morrow?

Santa. I am glad that you appreciate me, my dear. Let me advise you to keep a good thing while you have it.

Kitty. Yes, papa is a good man; at least, I suppose he is a good man. Good is a relative term, and men are so scarce in this kingdom of the North Pole, that I cannot judge by comparison.

Santa. Daughter, I am an exceptional creature in every way. Thank the Fates that you have never been permitted to meet a less worthy speciman of the race than your papa.

Gus. (GUSSIE *giggles*) Speaking of men, how about me?
(*swaggers with thumbs in arm holes of vest*

Omnes. Oh! you don't count; you're a dude.
(GUSSIE *retires discomfited*

Kitty. Papa, are men as scarce in the land of mortals as they are here?

Santa. No, my child, no indeed; there are not enough to go around to be sure; and under the present system, old maids seem to be a compulsory blessing; still they are numerous, quite so.

Kitty. (*rapturously*) Oh! papa, let's move!

Mrs. C. Why, what is the matter with the child? (*goes over to* KITTY) My dear you must be ill; come, take a milk-shake and go to bed.

Gus. (*aside*) Milk-shake! I believe I am feeling a kind of goneness too.

Santa. No! no, there is nothing the matter with the child, only a little natural curiosity, that is all; but Kitty you would better remain content to know no man but your papa; he is an exceptional creature, I assure you.

Omnes. Yes, your papa is a model man.

Santa Claus sings

A MODEL MAN.

It is, my friends, quite difficulty to find a fault in me,
I have in some queer way escaped total depravity.
Though in unbroken line I trace descent from mother Eve,
There is no sin in my make-up; I'm perfect, I believe.

Chorus.

He is a perfect paragon, old Santa Claus,
He never swears above his breath—unless he has a cause;
Enumerate his virtues I think we hardly can,
But taken all in all he is a perfect Model Man.

Our brightest plans in this vain world are apt to go amiss,
But keep your temper; don't destroy your hopes of future bliss;
Don't scold your wife, don't kick your dog, let me your model be;
I scold my wife? Not for my life! She'd surely wallop me.

Another thing:—Avoid conceit; quit blowing you own horn,
But be like me, as modest as the blush of early morn,
And when we've reached the end of life, with pride we look back
Upon the wide swath we have cut, a broad and shining track.

Gus. Well now that's clevah, deucedly clevah, by Jove. Methinks I'll warble a little myself. (*starts down stage*

Omnes. Oh! spare us, spare us! (*stopping him*

Gus. Just as you please ladies, but it is your misfortune that you do not appreciate good music.

Kitty. Papa, that is a very pretty custom of yours, of every year giving presents to the children of mortals; so pretty indeed, that I wonder you have not tried it at home, that you have never given your daughter a Christmas present.

Santa. My dear child, it would be useless; the wealth of my kingdom is at your command; your every wish is gratified. What more could I give you than you already have?

Kitty. But surely, surely, there is something in the land of mortals which I have not. Could you not bring me a gift from there?

Santa. I had not thought of that. Yes, ask what e'er thou wilt, be it in my power to do so I will grant it.

Kitty. You have given your word.

Santa. Yes, and my word is worth twenty piastries on the dollar.

Kitty. Then papa, bring me—bring me—a man!

Mrs. C. What is the child saying?

Omnes. She says she wants a man!

Santa. (*aside*) Caught out on a foul! How am I to get out of this predicament? I have given my word and I would rather break a dollar bill than break my word. (*thinks*) Ah, I have it! I will bring her a man, but oh, such a man! I will bring her a boodler, a fee-grabber, a Farmer's Alliance advocate, ha! ha! ha! She will be disgusted with the whole race and I will save my honor and my child. (*turns to* KITTY. Daughter, you shall have your man.

During this speech all indulge in business of surprise at KITTY'S *rash request.*

Kitty. Papa, you are a gem!

Santa. A gem, daughter? You mean a jewel do you not?

Gus. No she means tin-types; three for a quarter, doncherno.

(*sleigh-bells heard off* R., GUSSIE *in horror*) Great smoke! There goes that chestnut bell again.

Santa. Ah! my sleigh and my fleet-footed reindeers are ready. I must away.

Enter, FOOTMAN *and* COACHMAN, C., *and stand one on each side of entrance.*

Footman. Your majesty, we are ready. (*bows low*

Santa. And so am I. My friends you well might envy me my ride to-night, with the pale moon shining overhead and the white snow gleaming beneath the feet of my fleet-footed reindeers. And the bells, what melody their little metal tongues peal forth upon the frosty air. Surely it is a subject worthy the pen of a poet; the description of a sleigh-ride on a night like this.

Santa Claus sings

SLEIGHING SONG.

To the tune of "The Village Blacksmith."

Cling, cling, cling, cling; hark, the merry jingle;
Cling, cling, cling, cling; swift it's drawing nigh;
How it makes my nerves with joy to tingle,
What's the reason why?
Ancient and hoary though I be,
My beard a cloud of gray,
There is no other sport to me
Like riding in a sleigh.

Chorus. Ancient and hoary though he b
His beard a cloud of gray,
He says "There is no other sport to me
Like riding in a sleigh."

Cling, cling, cling, cling; ring ye merry sleigh-bells,
Cling, cling, cling, cling; on the frosty air.
What tales of joy each little metal tongue tells,
Joy without a care.
Swift as swallows in their flight
My eight fleet reindeers go,
With stars above to furnish light
Reflected by the snow.

Repeat chorus softly as SANTA CLAUS *exits* C., *followed by* FOOTMAN *and* COACHMAN, *the rest gazing after him.*

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT I.

SCENE.—Same as in Act I. Sleigh bells heard in distance coming nearer, until they stop at C.; SANTA CLAUS *enters* C., *followed by* GUSSIE *and preceded by* FOOTMAN. (*Exit,* FOOTMAN.

Gus. Your majesty has returned. You are even more prompt than usual. No one would suspect that those venerable whiskers of yours had been silvered by the frosts of many hundreds of winters.

Santa. No, Gus my boy, time has no power to dampen the ardor

of old Santa Claus, nor to make him the less able to perform his self-appointed duties. But that reminds me Gus.; last night my daughter made a strange request. You heard it did you not?

Gus. Yes, your majesty, I heard it, and thought it strange that you should make the promise that you did.

Santa. And so it was, and would have been much worse than strange had not a happy thought struck me with a force like unto a hod of falling bricks.

Gus. In other words, you had an idea.

Santa. Right you are; and as a reward for your years of faithful service I propose to share it with you.

Gus. (*aside*) I wish his idea would take the form of an increase in my salary. Ten dollars a month scarce suffices to keep me in raiment befitting my noble birth and high position, doncherno.

Santa. What were you saying, Gus?

Gus. I was saying, your majesty, that I would indeed be proud to share your first idea with you.

Santa. Well then, this is the scheme: I have brought back with me a man as green as the green isle from which he came, a regular Paddy of the old school. My daughter, having seen no men but you and me, will conclude that he is one of the choicest specimens of his species, and will thus be disenchanted.

Gus. The scheme looks well upon the face of it; I only hope that it may conclude even as your majesty wishes.

Santa. You hope that it may work! Why sir, it *must* work! Think of the position I would be in should my daughter ever marry! In six short months or less, my son-in-law would have my throne and I would lose my job; mayhaps, shorn of my kingly robes, be slinging hash to earn my daily bread. (*shudders*

Gus. Well now, that's elevah, deucedly elevah, by Jove.

Santa. What is that? Clever, did you say?

Gus. I mean, your majesty, that it was very elevah of you to extricate yourself from such a trying situation.

Santa. Oh! yes, that's different; and now I will proceed to unfold my plans to you.

Gus. Proceed by all means.

Santa. I have ordered the terrier to be brought into this room, and have also requested that my daughter come here. We will conceal ourselves and enjoy her astonishment at her first meeting with her man. (O'ROURKE's *voice heard off* L.

O'Roukes. Can't yez let go av me arrums, yez miserable dagos? Do yez think Oi can't walk alone at all, at all?

Santa. Ah! there he comes. Now then.

(*they hide behind throne-chair*

Enter, O'ROURKE, L., *with* FOOTMAN *and* COACHMAN *holding to his arms.*

O'Rourke. Come now, yeez hand-organ aristocrats, lave go me arrums. (FOOTMAN *and* COACHMAN *bow to him and exit*, C. (O'ROURKE *shivering*) Oh moy, oh moy, Oi don't know whether this is an oice-crame saloon or a refrigerator car, but wan thing Oi do know, an' that same is that this overcoat of moine is too foine for me prisint station in loite. (*sees bell-robe*) Hello, phwat's that? Oi think Oi'll give her a pull and see if it won't turrun on the stame. (*pulls rope, great noise heard off* L., O'ROURKE *terrified*) Oh Oi say now, phwat a commiseration Oi've created, to be sh.re.

Enter, FOOTMAN, C.

Oh, get out av this, get out av this! You little spalpeen; can't yez lave me alone at all, at all.

Foot. I have answered the bell sir, what is your wish?

O'Rourke. (*aside*) Oh, Oi see, he has come to take my order. (*aloud*) Oi say, send me up a ton of coal and a match; do yez moind?

Foot. We have no coal, sir.

O'Rourke. Will yez listen to that now! Yez have no coal, is it? Thin phwat do yez do for a foire, say now?

Foot. We use no fire, sir; we do not feel the cold.

O'Rourke. Yez don't feel the could? Well thin, Oi do just that same. Yez can take moi ordher for a suit of clothes if yez plaze, sor.

(*exit*, FOOTMAN, C.

Well, what a quare set of crathures these are to be sure, and what a quare fix yez has got yerself into, McGinnins ould bye. Lasht night I was promenadling down the streets of me native city whin suddintly biz—whiz—siz—and along came a sleigh pulled by six milch cows with forked horruns and a little man insoide all covered over with whiskirs. Thin out jumped thim little Frinch dagos, took hould of moi arrums and chucked me into that sleigh so quick Oi couldn't draw moi breath; it's down at the Bank yet. Oh, if Oi'd only had moi good shillelah then; Oi'd have cracked them wance or twice so Oi would. Thin, biz—whiz—siz—again, and here Oi am in a lodging house where they don't have no foire and don't feel the could. Oh moi, oh moi, Oi'll have to keep circulatin' around or Oi'll be an ice-berg, so I will. (*dances around the room to keep warm*

Enter, KITTY, C., *unobserved by* O'ROURKE *and watches him for a time.*

Kitty. What are you doing there?

O'Rourke. (*still dancing and not looking around*) Kaping warrum to be coorse. Did yez think Oi was saying moi prayers?

Kitty. Are you a man?

O'Rourke. Av coorse Oi'm a man. Phwat did yez take me for, a statty of Venus? (*strokes his chin whiskers*

Kitty. Then you must be the man my papa was to bring me.

O'Rourke. Yis, Oi'm yer man. (*stops dancing and looks at her*) Why, begorra it's a girrul! How do you do, Miss Cleveland?

Kitty. My name is not Cleveland, sir: My name is Kitty Claus; I am the daughter of Santa Claus.

O'Rourke. Was that him what tore me away from moi home and kindred last noight?

Kitty. I suppose so.

O'Rourke. Then, Miss Claus, Oi shall have yer father prosecuted for cruelty to animals. That's phwat Oi will. (*motions* KITTY *to come nearer*) Come here, now, come here, come here. (KITTY *comes to his side*, O'ROURKE *in a stage whisper says*) Do yez chew gum?

Kitty. No sir, my mamma says I mustn't.

O'Rourke. Well now, that's a good girrul. Here is a penny; go to the blacksmith's and get a bun. Say, do you play on the type-writer?

Kitty. Play on the type writer?

O'Rourke. To be coorse.

(*goes through motions of writing with his fingers*

Kitty. What is that? I never saw a type-writer.

O'Rourke. Never saw a type-writer? Oh moi child, moi child, Oi fear your musical eddication has been sadly neglected.

Kitty. I hope not, sir. I can sing quite well; at least so my papa says. Shall I sing for you?

O'Rourke. Yis, sing to me.

Kitty. What shall I sing?

O'Rourke. Oh, Oi don't care; anything but "Marguerite."

Kitty. Well then, how would you like to hear "The Song That Reached My Heart?"

O'Rourke. Oh, don't do that, don't do that. Oi've got the toothache.

Kitty. You are hard to please, sir; but if you do not care to hear the song that reached my heart, I will sing you one of my own composition, written upon a theme which is nearest my heart, "The Pleasure of Catching a Man."

Kitty sings

THE PLEASURE OF CATCHING A MAN.

Music, "McSarley's Most Elegant Twins."

I've a question momentous I wish to propound
To matrons and maidens alike:
If you lived in a land where men are not found,
Don't you think you would go on a strike?
What's the use of fine features, of bright eyes and curls,
When no one is by to admire?
I've tried it, and know what I'm saying, dear girls,
Of that kind of life you'd soon tire.

Chorus. In childhood it's dollies, it's novels for girls,
But tell me my friends if you can,
Where's the pleasure in life for a girl of eighteen
Like the pleasure of catching a man?

Each day like the former a burden time hangs
On your hands; life itself is a bore.
With not even ambition to curl your bangs,
And your mirrors with dust covered o'er,
You would turn with disgust from a tailor-made gown,
From diamonds, lace and all that,
And in extreme cases one might even frown
At a love or a duck of a hat.

You have heard of the blossom whose sweetest perfume
Was wasted upon desert air,
But the aimless existence of this pretty bloom
Does not for a moment compare
With the life of a maiden, the victim of Fate,
Compelled to live out life's span
In a country that does not provide her a mate,
Too poor to furnish a man.

O'Rourke. That's a foine song, to be sure; beautiful sentiment and all that, but are you really in earnest about this matter?

Kitty. Indeed I am.

O'Rourke. Thin how would yez loike to become Mrs. O'Rourke?

Kitty. (*running toward him*) Oh! do you really mean—(*turning away*) er—er—this is so sudden—you must give me time to think.

O'Rourke. "Think it over!" Yes, an' whoile yez is thinkin' it

over Oi'll be sthandin' here frazin' to death. Yez'll have to do yer thinkin' purty quick Miss Claus, or yez'll be a widdy before yez is married, so you will.

Kitty. Are you really cold, dear? Why of course you are; how stupid of me to forget that you are not used to such a rigorous climate and those clothes of yours are hardly the proper thing for this frigid zone. I suppose you did not have time to change your clothes.

O'Rourke. To be coorse Oi didn't have toime to get a shave even. (*strokes whiskers*) Bad cess to that father of yours.

Kitty. Poor man, how you must suffer. Come with me. I will have the court tailor take your measure for a suit of furs and the servants shall see that you are provided with a fire.

O'Rourke. Kitty, yez is a good girrul; but Oi say, would yez moind sinding up a ham and some hen-fruit.

Kitty. Hen-fruit?

O'Rourke. Yis, some eggs, you know.

Kitty. Oh! of course not. You shall have something to eat at once.

KITTY *goes to* C.

O'Rourke. (*aside*) McGinnis ould bye, yer in luck this toime to be sure. What a pity it is we can't all be borrun with silver spoons in our pockets. Jist look at me now! Oi'm goin' to have a shquare meal, a shute of clothes and perhaps a woife, and whin Oi get her Oi'm goin' right back to ould Erin and—(*stops to think*) Ah! there's the rub. How am Oi goin' to get back to Erin? (*aloud*) Well Kitty, Oi'm with yez whoile the grub lashts. (*exeunt*, C.

SANTA CLAUS *and* GUSSIE *come from behind throne.*

Gus. Well now, that's clevah, deucedly clevah!

Santa. Oh Gussie! Gussie! Would you add insult to injury by mocking a poor old man whose only daughter is about to break her father's heart by becoming the wife of a potato-masher?

Gus. Pardon me, your majesty, but the potato-masher seems to have crushed us very successfully. He has quite a fetching way with the ladies too. I couldn't have managed that little romance better myself.

Santa. But what is to be done to avert this dreadful calamity?

Gus. Send the terrier away, of course.

Santa. Impossible! The man would die of cold and hunger. You seem to forget, Gussie, that we are surrounded with ice and snow, piled mountain-high. How many brave explorers from the land of mortals have lost their lives in the attempt to penetrate the mysteries of the North Pole.

Gus. But can you not take the man away as you brought him here?

Santa. Have you also forgotten that one of the conditions of my becoming immortal and the Christmas Saint was that I was not to leave these icy fastnesses but once each year? I can not take this man away until next year on Christmas Eve, in that time who knows what dreadful things may happen? (*completely un-nerved*

Gus. Your majesty, give me leave to think.

Santa. Yes, Gussie, think! think! I know not if dudes have a thinker, but if you have thinks to think, prepare to think them now Gussie, prepare to think them now. (SANTA *drops in chair at table overcome by emotion, while* GUSSIE *walks up and down the room in comical attitude of thinking.*) Your thinker seems to be working

rather slowly, Gussie; time is very precious to me now.

(GUSSIE *stops suddenly and claps his hands*

Gus. I have it!

Santa. Good! What is it?

Gus. It is a plan to circumvent this Hibernian rogue, a very simple plan, but clever, deucedly clever and reflects great credit upon it's author.

Santa. Gussie, if your plan succeeds, I'll raise your salary to $12.00 a month.

Gus. I hear some one approaching. I will not have time to explain my plan in detail, but you must promise to make no objection to any of my actions while I am carrying the plan out, and I assure you all will be right in the end.

Enter, O'ROURKE, R. U. E.

Santa. (*hesitating*) I will do as you wish. (*exit*, L.

O'ROURKE *advances forward looking admiringly at himself in a new suit of clothes.*

O'Rourke. Begorra, it's a foine display Oi'm makin' now. Oi'm a corker from Cork so Oi am, and—(*sees* GUSSIE) Oh! take it away, take it away!

Gus. This is Mr. O'Rourke, I believe. I must take the liberty of introducing myself. I am Gussie de Smythe. Grand Illustrious Scribe and Supreme Confidential Clerk to his Majesty, Santa Claus, Ruler of the Kingdom of the North Pole.

O'Rourke. (*aside*) He looks like a grand illustrated squib from "Puck." (*aloud*) Oi sav, could you say that again and say it real slow? You ought to be more careful about makin' payple acquainted wid doubtful characters. Howsomever, Oi don't moind a little thing loike that in a could counthry loike this. Oi'm quite fond of curiosities moiself, so Oi am.

Gus. Sir, this unseemly levity is far from being as elevah as you suppose, in fact it is quite the contrary, doncherno; but to proceed to business—you know the purpose for which you were brought here, do you not?

O'Rourke. Well thin, Oi don't jist that same; Oi don't know nawthin' about it at all, at all an' that's phwat's the matter with me, so it is.

Gus. Then I can enlighten you upon that point. You were brought here to ascend the throne and become the successor of Santa Claus as ruler of the Kingdom of the North Pole.

O'Rourke. You don't say; an' how much will Oi git fur that job now?

Gus. Oh! you will have this beautiful palace, innumerable servants and countless wealth at your disposal.

O'Rourke. But how about the wurruk? Phwat's moy hours?

Gus. You will have no work to do, nothing to do but sit on your throne and make laws for the government of your Kingdom. A monarch is never supposed to do anything for himself; there will be hosts of servants at hand to do your bidding; and I, as your private secretary, will ever be at your side ready to carry out your desires as soon, or even before, they are expressed.

O'Rourke. All roight, Oi'll go you wan for luck. Begorra this job is ace and joker ahead of the perlice force.

Gus. I am glad that you are willing to assume the responsibilities of the office sir. No time need be lost; we will proceed with the coronation ceremonies at once. (*pulls bell-rope; noise as before*

O'Rourke. The corneration ceremonies? An' phwat might the m same be now?

Gus. You shall soon see. I have summoned all of the royal household, including Santa Claus himself; he will renounce his title and the throne, and I will publicly proclaim you king with the title of Santa Claus the II.

O'ROURKE *struts up and down the stage arranging his collar and tie.* SANTA CLAUS *enters* L. U. E., *with* MRS. CLAUS *and* KITTY *on either arm; comes down stage* L., *followed by the* HOLIDAYS; FAIRIES *enter* R. U. E.; FOOTMAN *and* COACHMAN *enter* C., *and stand on each side of the door.*

O'Rourke. Ah! there's Kitty. Swate girrul, that Kitty. Oi say, Kitty, ain't Oi a darlint in my new suit of clothes?

Kitty. You are indeed a charming creature, Mr. O'Rourke. Are you for sale?

O'Rourke. Oi don't know. Oi'll come hoigh if Oi am. Oi'm the only wan av me that's left.

GUSSIE *takes position in front, clears his throat and makes a few preliminary gestures as if preparing to make a speech.*

Gus. Friends, Romans, Countrymen—

O'Rourke. Naw you don't! Naw you don't! You don't borry anything from me at all, at all.

Gus. (*ignoring the interruption*) I have summoned you here to witness the coronation ceremonies of Mr. McGinnis O'Rourke, whom I now proclaim King of the North Pole with the title of Santa Claus II.

Santa. (*going over to* GUSSIE *and speaking angrily*) What are you saying, sir? This is treason! Do you hear? Treason!

(GUSSIE *goes through pantomime of explaining to* SANTA

O'Rourke. Do yez hear that now? Oi'm going to be King, so Oi am; and Kitty, you shall be moy bride and do me washin'. You're a princess now Oi believe, but Oi'm going to make yez a rale queen. Do yez hear, Kitty moy darlint? A rale queen and you shall have a new piece of gum ivery day, so you shall.

Mrs. C. What is that dreadful man saying? Come Kitty my child, you must not stay here to be insulted in this way.

(*tries to lead* KITTY *off* R.

Santa. (*speaking aloud as he returns to his wife's side*) All right, Gussie, my boy; but be careful, be very careful.

(*pantomime of persuading his wife to remain*

Gus. Well, Mr. O'Rourke, are you prepared to take the coronation oath?

O'Rourke. No sir! Oi niver shware. Oi'm not abducted to the use av profanity in any forrum sir.

Gus. Well, I suppose the taking of the oath would be a useless formality in your case; we will dispense with it. (*to* FOOTMAN *and* COACHMAN) Bring in the royal diadem to crown his gracious majesty and the royal sceptre, the symbol of his power.

FOOTMAN *and* COACHMAN *exit* C., *and return with a large crown and a feather duster.*

Gus. Your majesty, in investing you with these symbols of royalty I feel that I am conferring an unique distinction upon this people by giving them for a ruler a man the like of whom has never before escaped captivity.

Omnes. Hear! Hear!

FOOTMAN *places crown on* O'ROURKE'S *head, he having been led to the throne and seated thereon by* GUSSIE, *who takes feather duster from* COACHMAN *and brushes it across* O'ROURKE'S *face.* O'ROURKE *sneezes and fumbles in his pocket for a handkerchief.* GUSSIE *takes it from him and wipes his nose for him.* FOOTMAN *and* COACHMAN *retire to* C.

O'Rourke. Begorra, Oi've a notion to swipe yez for that, so Oi have.

Gus. Pardon me, your majesty, but it is one of the privileges of my exalted office to perform all little services of that kind for our king. As I told you, a monarch is never permitted to do anything for himself. There yet remains the Coronation song.

CORONATION SONG.

To the tone of "This House is Haunted."

Gus. I now proclaim you our king, our monarch,
And we your vassals true will be;
Be gracious to us, do not refuse us,
Thou brightest gem of royalty.

Mrs. C. O! never fear, Gus., he'll not refuse us,
How could you look for that from such as he?

Gus. and Mrs. C. He's much too greedy and likewise seedy
From such a snap as this to flee.

Chorus. We now proclaim you our king, our monarch
And we your vassals true will be,
Be gracious to us, do not refuse us,
Thou brightest gem of royalty.

Kitty. We have a man now lately imported
From over the sea, the Emerald Isle;
We must not lose him, I will amuse him,
Each idle moment I'll be beguile.

Santa. Oh never fear, dear, he will remain here,
He will not haste to leave us yet a while.

Kitty and Santa. But if he would go, he could not do so,
Becoming an iceberg is not quite his style.

(O'ROURKE *falls asleep during the song*

Santa. Well I declare, the fellow has actually fallen asleep!

(*exit*, FAIRIES, R. U. E.

O'Rourke. (*starting suddenly*) No Oi'm not asleep naythur. Who said Oi was asleep, eh? (*yawns; starts to raise his hand to his mouth;* GUSSIE *places his own hand over* O'ROURKE'S *mouth*) By the powers

now, Oi've a notion to knock a quart of stars out av yez eyes for that.

(*sparring*

Gus. Your majesty, it is one of the privileges of my office to cover the Kings mouth when he yawns.

O'Rourke. It is, is it? Well don't yez do that same any more while Oi am King or Oi'll have yez hanged by the neck until yez are asphixiated, see?

Kitty. Poor man! It is very tiresome work, being a King.

O'Rourke. It is just that Miss Kitty; let me advise yez not to try it. But it will be different when Oi have you for my queen.

Santa. That can never be!

O'Rourke. Phwat is that? Git out sir, git out! Oi'll have you banished to wance.

(GUSSIE *goes through pantomine imploring* SANTA *to be silent*

Gus. Would your majesty be pleased to review the Amazons, the defenders of our realm?

O'Rourke. Oi don't know what an Amazon is, but Oi'll be glad to interview anything for a change.

Enter, FAIRIES *and* HOLIDAYS, *and execute a fancy march.*

During progress of march O'ROURKE *attempts to applaud and take part in, in all of which attempts he is prevented by* GUSSIE, *who explains in pantomine that it does not become a monarch to do anything of these things. At close of march,* AMAZONS *take positions on* R. *and* L. *of stage.*

O'Rourke. Well now girruls, that's foine. Oi think Oi'll have yez on guard duty around the throne all the time. Oi'm afraid somebody'll stale me, so Oi am. (*to* GUSSIE *who is talking to* KITTY) Here sir, come away from that! Get me something to eat. Oi hanker for poy.

Gus. Your majesty shall have pie in one minute.

(*talks to* KITTY

O'Rourke. (*astounded*) In wan minute! Ye haythen, Oi am the King and when Oi want poy Oi want poy, and begorra Oi'm going to have it too.

O'ROUKE *starts toward* C., GUSSIE *takes him by the arm and leads him back to throne, and makes sign to* FOOTMAN *who exits,* C.

Gus. Your majesty shall have pie; but this unseemly haste ill befits a monarch.

Enter, FOOTMAN, C., *with pie on plate.*

O'Rourke. Ah! that's a sight to gladden moy eyes, so it is. Bring the noble birrud here.

O'ROURKE *starts to leave throne;* FOOTMAN *kneels and presents pie;* GUSSIE *takes it from him and eats it to the consternation of* O'ROURKE.

Gus. (*with mouth full of pie*) Your majesty, it is one of the privileges of my exalted office to eat the King's pie for him, doncherno?

(O'ROURKE *grows very angry; leaves the throne and comes down stage*

O'Rourke. This is the last ton av coal that broke the camel's back! Oi have let yez blow moy nose for me, scratch moy head for me and lead me around loike a poodle on the end of a shtring, but Oi will let no cigarette sign av yure soize eat moy poy for me sir! No sir!

Not for Venice! Yez can take yer ould kingdom; it's nawthin but an Oice-house anyway. Oi shall go back to Cork, get on the perlice force and eat a poy-factory ivery day if Oi want to. That's phwat Oi'll do.

Santa. (*aside to* GUSSIE) Gussie you're a jewel of the first water. I congratulate you upon the success of your scheme.

O'Rourke. Kitty, will yez fly wid me?

Kitty. Unfortunately sir, I cannot fly, though I wish I could, for that seems to be the only way by which we can escape this icy prison.

Santa. (*to* GUSSIE) Sir, I denounce you! Your scheme is a failure. My daughter's mind remains unchanged. She is ready, even now, to fly to the end of the earth with this Hibernian babboon!

Gus. Your majesty I have done my best; what more could I do. It was a noble plan and worthy the great brain from which it sprang, but success and failures are not far distant and I have fallen just outside the foul-line.

O'Rourke. Yez is a quare birrud, Mr. Gus.

Santa. Yez, you have failed. And failed in such a way that the dread calamity which you have endeavored to avert is now nearer than before. What shall I do? What *shall* I do? Ah, that is the question; whether it were better to wed my daughter to this billy-goat and set at rest, at once, this most vexatious question, or look me further for a son-in-law. Ah! ha! I have a scheme! I'll ask this man some questions in the presence of my vassals here. An examination I'll conduct more strict than ever Civil Service knew. (*to* O'ROURKE) Here sir, I would a word with you.

O'Rourke. All roight sor, apake out. Don't be timid in the presence av royalty.

Santa. As the father of the girl, whose hand you seek in marriage, I claim the privilege of inquiring concerning your antecedents.

O'Rourke. Av coorse, av coorse.

Santa. Who was your great-grandfather?

O'Rourke. A man sor, and an Oirishman at that. He could foight sor loike a dog and drink the craythure loike a fish dhrinking wather. And such a jolly man he was too at a wake. Oi often wonder that the corpse itself didn't come to loife to take a hand in the fistivities.

Santa. Your future prespect, sir, what are they? I mean—what shekels are at your command.

O'Rourke. A dollar and twenty kopecks is all Oi have at prisint, sor, but Oi have a political pull that can be cashed at a moment's notice.

Santa. Your health is good of course; your digestion unimpaired?

O'Rourke. And was yez spaking of moy digestion now? Begorra, jist connect me wid a shquare meal and Oi'll show yez phwat Oi can do in that same line, so Oi will.

Santa. Such a foolish act as that would only serve to bankrupt our kingdom. But one more question I would ask; dost ever gamble, drink or smoke?

O'Rourke. Naythur av the former sor, but on accasions whin Oi would be quite shwell Oi shmoke a cigarette or two.

Santa. Ah, fiend! Away with him!

Omnes. Shameful, shameful! A crime deserving death!

(AMAZONS *form a circle around* O'ROURKE

Mrs. C. (*to* KITTY) My daughter, see what a fate thy rash infatuation would have consigned thee to.

Kitty. I'll save him yet and reform him. That is the mission of

a pretty girl; to make at least one man better.

While KITTY *is speaking Tableau curtain at back opens and* ERIN, *the* GODDESS *of Ireland, appears. She steps majestically to* C. *of stage.*

Erin. O'Rourke, thou'rt found at last,
I've searched for thee both far and wide
For many hours past.
Why from thine own native land
To this place didst thou roam;
Come sir, come hence with me,
I fain would see thee home.

O'Rourke. Yes, Oi want to go home, Oi want to go home; take me home—(*stops suddenly*) But what about Kitty?

Erin. Kitty? What hast thou to do with the child?

O'Rourke. She is going to be moy woi.e, ain't you KITTY, me darlint? Oi was going to make her moy queen, but Oi couldn't even make a queen of moyself now.

Erin. Think of the maids of thy native isle,
That emerald gem of the sea;
Return at once and there we'll find
A fairer bride for thee.
With eyes so bright and skin so fair,
And voices like the linnet,
Those Irish girls they beat the world
And Kitty isn't in it.

Gus. Well now, that's clevah, deucedly clevah, doncherno I believe I will emigrate myself.

O'Rourke. Yes, Oi know about them Oirish girruls; they are foine to be coorse, but they are not moine and Kitty is, and that makes all the difference in the wirruld.

Erin. O'Rourke, will you go?

O'Rourke. Kitty, will you go? (KITTY *nods her head in assent*

O'Rourke. Oi'll pack me Saratogy and be wid ye in wan minute. (*exit*, L. U. E., *followed by* ERIN

Mrs. C. Kitty, you must not go. Think of your parents left languishing over your loss, living alone and childless in this land of eternal snow.

Santa. And if you must marry, why not marry Gussie? He is certain y a far handsomer and more suitable husband than this Irishman.

Gus. Oh! I say now, that's clevah, deucedly clevah. I am agreeable and leave the matter entirely with Miss Kitty, doncherno.

Kitty. Bah! A dude lacks five points of being equal to no husband. I'll marry a *man* or never wed. (*sadly*) Shall I go or stay? I can divide my love, but not myself, and—

TABLEAU.—Scene opens at back, showing O'ROURKE *dressed as in first act, with grip and cane in hand.* ERIN *tries to lead him away. He stretches one hand imploringly toward* KITTY, *who moves slowly toward him and extends both her hands, one of which* O'ROURKE *takes.* MRS. CLAUS *rushes forward and seizes the other and tries to lead her back.* SANTA CLAUS *makes a gesture commanding* O'ROURKE *to begone.*

CURTAIN.

THE END.

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